

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Published Aug. 4, 1891. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 219 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866. Price \$2.00 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2254. Single Number 5 Cents.

A TWILIGHT WOOLING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY PHILA H. CASK.

The beautiful summer day went out
On a pathway paved with amber light;
Beyond the shadowy liquid gold
And shadowed ribs of cloud wreaths white,
I caught a glimpse of her emerald robe,
And her hair of amethystine sky,
And her breath was fragrant as Orient balm,
That fanned my cheek as she floated by.

The twilight met her upon her way,
And held her long in a close embrace,
Then shook out his tresses of downy mist,
To shadow her crimson, blushing face.
And I thought: "Maud is fair as this sweet
June day,
Oh, would that I could the twilight be,
I would fold about her the opal robe
Of my true love's blinding immensity."

I had watched her flitting among the flowers,
Gathering roses and heliotropes,
Now here, now there, like a bright winged bird,
And my heart grew full of a glad, new hope.
I heard the gilding, silvery gleam
Of soft waves lapping the glistening sand,
And small the lilac, whose slumbers dear
Were as warm white as Maud's hair band.

In a moment more I was at her side,
"Would she ride with me in my Spanish
seat?"
"I would just below, like a milk white
swan."
"O'er the odorous waves 'twould so gracefully
float."
A bright flush crimsoned her oval cheek,
As the sunset crimsoned a rosy cloud,
And the words she spoke were so sweet that
now
I would not utter the same aloud.

Enough, when later our barque lay rocked
Mid creamy lilies on scented waves,
We were mindful only of sweetest bliss,
Forgetting that earth held sorrow or grief—
Our rapt souls 'tranced in a dream of love,
From which I prayed we might never wake,
While the stars lay asleep in the sky, and the
moon
Like a great white pearl hung over the lake.

The flowers she had gathered lay matted 'mid
curls
That drooped on her white throat I could
see.
"Would she be my darling, my bride, if I
do."
"Would she give the blossom she wore to
me?"
Did my beautiful love me? Is she mine?
Must I tell you I won my heart's dear hope?
No wonder I wear on my heart to-day,
A rose, and a spray of heliotropes.

The Mutual Consolation Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEPHERD,
AUTHOR OF "EVE ILK," ETC., ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1866, by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the
Clerk of the District Court of the United States in
and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XIV.

I had one paramount objection to Mr. Lasher's
stage coach—it started quite too early in the
morning; but this was a fault from which few
conveyances of that kind were exempt, and I
am consequently glad they have become obsolete
in all civilized localities, and that railroads
with late trains for the accommodation of gentle-
men who don't care a pin about the glories of
sunrise, have taken their place.

But Mr. Lasher's coach must be taken early
if at all, so I roused Bingle, who was exaspe-
ratedly mortified when he discovered in what kind
of a plight he had gone to bed, and after stuff-
ing our dress-coats, white pantaloons, and extra
boots into our valises, and securing our travel-
ing costume, we went down to breakfast, which
we found waiting our appearance, but poor
Bingle's appetite was among the things that had
been. "Maudie! to move to another room," the
great landlady of the hotel, who kept things
up in his throat, officiously preventing the free
transit of food and coffee, but it would not stay
swallowed, and he was fain to get a homopoe-
tic dose of his old data, and in one of the sub-
stantive gasp which he uttered the table at his
side flared.

"There's no use in darning it—there is a
dangerous thing, quite as much so and fully as
uncomfortable as the wheezing cough and
croup. Even when everything goes smoothly, it
is quite apt to expel one's relish for any but the
most substantial diet, upon which a man grows
thin, and, as it often happens to interrupt the
flow of the current (and it is very pro-
bable that something will) it is pretty safe to cal-
culate upon losing one's appetite altogether for
a few weeks, which quite likely will impair the
digestion, and end in an attack of dyspepsia.

I sincerely trust my readers will not consider
me wanting in that romance and poetry of which
every good writer should have an abundant
store, if he would please his readers who have not
arrived at old womanhood, because I take this prac-
tical view of the effect of love upon the digestive
organs, but I cannot help having some fears for
my reputation, since my coach will look
through my manuscript the other day, and de-
clared (and I think she is) that there is
quite as much romance to be found in her
mother's Almanac, and that my friend Bingle is
the only "love of a character" portrayed.

I am sorry to have incurred the young lady's
censure. I have a great respect for the tender
passion, and have been in love very frequently
myself; and before those gray hairs began to
make their appearance in my beard, I could ro-
mance about that sort of thing greatly to my
own satisfaction; but when the rose is faded there
is no use in trying to reanimate it, and when the
first impassioned sentiment of early youth is
gone, it is gone forever. Let us sigh for what
it has gone, and that beautiful glamour that
surrounded the ideal world in which we used to
revel, leaving in its place only hard experience
and worldly wisdom.

Fearing kindly disposed toward the poet I in-
genuously as long as possible over breakfast, but
time was less accommodating, and soon the ro-
mantic finger of the old clock warned us to
hurry; so I tore the literary gentleman away,
and though he bore himself with commendable
fortitude, some scattering dew-drops in his mild
blue eyes, attested that he still loved madly, and
was therefore wretched.

"I feel almost miserable," he said, as we
walked toward the Buttonwood, "and it seems
to me that when there's only one place in the
world where a fellow can have a good time and
not be in the way, the Fate ought to have
decreed enough about them to let him stay
there."

"The Fate hadger a man a good deal first
and last," I replied, "but never mind, they'll do
the fair thing by you yet."

"No they won't," I know them—they never
have, and they never will do me a good turn,
and I know it."

Our arrival at the Buttonwood presented a
continuation of the odyssey which was becom-
ing misanthropic, and Mr. Bingle came out from
behind his bar to bid us goodbye.

"I'm sorry you're going to leave us, Mr.
Bingle," he said. "Has the sweetheart released
you yet?"

"I have observed no change to speak of in
that respect, and I don't know that I've much
reason to expect any, but I still cherish the
fond illusions of hope."

"Quite the proper thing to do, sir. The illu-
sions of hope with a little brandy and water,
put heart into a man; but here's the stage, and
Bingle Botticelli's daughter hasn't come yet."

The ill-conditioned old vehicle rolled up to
the door, and Mr. Lasher descended his long
wing for the benefit of admiring spectators, then
turned his round the break seat, and
drawled out the inquiry whether there were any
down passengers that morning?

"Oh! yes, several from the camp meeting up
above here," Mr. Bingle said; and the statement
was promptly corroborated by the appearance
of a fat gentleman who wheeled, and a tall gen-
tleman with an immense bowler, none, who had
the least little dot of a wife whom he watched
carefully as though apprehensive of losing her,
a brisk old lady with a bandbox, a grim gen-
tleman with an emphatic walk, and lastly Mr.
Bingle and myself.

"Back seat taken," Mr. Bingle said to the fat
gentleman, who was about appreciating it.

"No such thing! It's empty," said the fat
gentleman.

"Spoken for, though," persisted Mr. Bingle.
"Squire Botticelli engaged it for his daughter's
last night."

"The seat be a big 'un, to want a half seat,"
grunted the fat gentleman, but he abandoned the
contest and established himself on the front
seat by the side of the lady with a bandbox.
The large-headed gentleman with his wife, and
the grim gentleman preferred a vision to
the remaining seat, and the alternative was left
Bingle and myself of going on the roof or of tak-
ing forcible possession of Miss Botticelli's re-
served rights, and we might have determined on
the latter proceeding had not the young lady
made her appearance at that juncture and bade
us good morning with a bewitching smile.

"Mr. Larrison, good morning," said the
great miller said, "we have been waiting, I
fear, but you will pardon us. This is my daughter,
whom I could to your care. Goodbye, my
love, get in."

"Ottie is my love," observed the paternal in-
jection, and I was about climbing to the roof
with Bingle, when her voice arrested me.

"I have reserved a seat for you, sir," said
the great miller said, "we have been waiting, I
fear, but you will pardon us. This is my daughter,
whom I could to your care. Goodbye, my
love, get in."

"Oh! no, certainly not—I should be charmed
to do it," said the poet, gallantly, and yielding
to Fate I sprang into the vacant place and
called to Mr. Lasher to drive on.

"This moment, please, till I tell my papa good-
bye," said my fair neighbor, and the window
went down and her head was thrust forth and
the eminent miller received a final salute. "Kim

ma and all the girls for me, and give them
my love and tell them to write," were her part-
ing injunctions, and having thus disposed of her
superfluous affection, she subsided. Mr. Lasher
executed a splendid shiver on the most despi-
cable of his horse, and he rolled away.

"The emotion incident to leaving home, are
very beautiful, do you not think so?" asked my
companion, with a sweet smile.

I said I had always considered them very
pretty.

"Yes, they have their origin in the sweetest
sympathy of our nature, but perhaps these
fresh, youthful feelings wear off by-and-by."

My experience was that they usually did,
and I said so, at which the young lady was
shocked, and so changed the conversation, and
proceeded to paint the portraits of her city rela-
tives and their grandeur, of which I knew some-
thing, although I had evidently seen them
through different spectacles from those she wore,
and finally the young lady alluded warily,
leaving her head upon my shoulder, and seemed
to sleep.

"I guess," muttered the fat gentle-
man to the brisk old lady in a subdued voice,
and the old lady nodded and smiled approvingly.

"Rather a flat-looking pair," whispered the
grim gentleman to the little lady.

I perfectly agreed with the grim gentleman,
and wished from my heart that Miss Botticelli
was at home leading the life of Oak Hill.

Some she awoke, with a little start that was
quite natural.

"Where am I?" she said, in a pretty, fright-
ened voice.

"Here," said the grim gentleman, with the
air of a man who announces an incontrovertible
fact.

"Dreaming, weren't you, miss?" said the
large-headed gentleman, in rather an encouraging
way.

"Plying possum, I guess," wheeled the fat
gentleman, in an undertone.

"Yes, I must have been dreaming," Miss Cin-
thia answered. "I was feeling quite exhausted.
How far have we travelled?"

"Three miles and a quarter," said the grim
gentleman, with misanthropic precision.

"Is that all? How shall I ever bear the
journey?"

"I'm afraid you'll not be able to," I said, be-
ginning to feel desperate, and would recom-
mend that you stop at the first halting place,
and return by the coach to-night."

"Oh! no, I wouldn't think of it," Mr. Lasher
said, in the most persevering little girl you
ever saw, though I fear my physical strength is
not equal to my energy, but you will let me
lean on you when I am weary, will you not? I
have you with you look so kind and obliging,"
and without further parley, Miss Cynthia per-
mitted her head to droop upon my shoulder again.

"This is a dreadful ride," for those entire
fifteen miles I supported Miss Cynthia while she
reposed, or, to be more correct, while she
rested, and I was under the necessity of holding
her waking moments. Once under protest of
feeling faint I obtained permission to ride for a
little time on the roof, but the young lady was so
alarmed about my health, and thrust her head
through the window so often to inquire if I was
convinced that I gave it up, and went back
to my post, resolved to bear with fortitude what
ever might be in store for me.

At length the momentary was broken in upon
by a thunder storm which greatly startled my
tired companion, and caused her to nestle still
more closely to my side.

"What will poor Mr. Bingle do?" she said
and I explained, changing to remember the ex-
posed situation of the poet, and she thrust forth
her head to reconnoitre. "Are you alive and
unharmed, Mr. Bingle?" she asked, feelingly.

"I am here, perfectly, thank you," called out
the literary gentleman from above, "I'm almost
damp here, but quite comfortable, I assure you."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Miss Cynthia, "my
heart bleeds to think of the being exposed to
the pitiless storm." "Oh! it is fearfully grand
and awe-inspiring! I can never learn to look
upon the warning of the elements without
trembling." "No warning at all among the elements,
mamma," said the grim gentleman. "Everything
is governed by philosophical rules. The electric-
ity is passing from one cloud to another dis-
place the air, leaving a partial vacuum, and air
rushing together to fill it causes the thunder."

To this piece of information Miss Cynthia
shrugged to reply.

"I finally arrived at the railway station, but
my troubles were not yet ended, for the young
lady still came to me, and chatted with unim-
paired volubility, while Bingle, dripping and
trembling and miserable in mind and body, sat
before in trying to look cheerful, and forcing a
smile to his wretched face, when by chance the
young lady addressed him.

A few hours ride brought us to Albany in
time for the New York boat. I had feared
myself that once on board the steamer I should
have a brief respite from Miss Botticelli,
whom I presumed would berate herself to a
station, but we had scarcely left the dock
when she made her appearance on the prome-
nade deck, declaring with her bewitching smile
that she had heard so much of the magnificent
cruiser of the Hudson that she could not think
of leaving any part of it in sleep. Didn't I adore
the Hudson?

I said it was certainly a fine stream, and there
were some very creditable rocks scattered along
its margin, still I was not quite prepared to say
I regarded it with admiration.

Miss Cynthia was surprised that I could find
language strong enough to express my senti-
ments on the subject. It must be because I had
made the voyage so frequently, though she was
sure she could sail up and down that noble river
till old age came creeping over her, and still be
unwearied with its beauties.

I made no further attempt to contend with
Fate, and gave myself up to Miss Botticelli's
entertainment without another murmur. Her en-
durance was extraordinary. Hour after hour we
passed the deck, and being now perfectly re-
freshed, I pointed out with an unflinching finger
the various points of interest; if she had request-
ed of me a pencil sketch of the Falls, I could
have attempted it without gaining anything, al-
though I question my ability to make a respect-
able drawing of a factory chimney; and I con-
fessed that when the steamer reached the dock
about six o'clock in the morning, I felt very
much as I should imagine a man would who had
been under an exhausted receiver.

It was a misty, airless morning—and the efflu-
via of the narrow, dirty streets that skirt the
river almost sufficed me, worn out and hungry as
I was, but Miss Cynthia and her trunk were to
be delivered at Fourteenth street, so I summon-
ed Bingle, who had pretty nearly recovered from
his bodily life by a night's rest, and sent him to
look out the baggage and forward it by the city
express, and then with Miss Cynthia on my arm
I walked ashore, engaged the first hack I saw,
and in process of time to my infinite relief de-
posited that inextinguishable young lady at the re-
sidence of her aunt.

"I shall see you of course very often," she
said to me from the steps.

"Oh! I shall see you every day," I answered, and plunged
into the carriage again and ordered the coach-
man to drive off with all speed to No. — Nassau
street.

"If I ever assume the escort of another ven-
turous girl, may I be — blessed!" I growled as
I rushed up the stairs leading to my office, and
entered it by means of a latch-key. Mr. Flats
was sitting at his desk, but I momentarily
rolled him off, and with a savage impression
ordered him not to wake me till noon, after
which I assumed the place he had vacated, and
soon forgot my troubles in slumber.

CHAPTER XV.

"Hello! wake up!" shouted a familiar voice
in my ear before I had been asleep as it seemed
to me ten minutes, and I opened my eyes to find
Wedgewood beside me. "I believe you would
have slept till Christmas," he said, "if you had
been left undisturbed. Now habits you have
been acquiring in the country. Here it is twelve
o'clock, and breakfast or dinner, whatever you
please to call it, has been waiting this half hour,
and I have been trying to restrain the impatience
I feel to begin asking questions. How do you find
yourself?"

"Tired, cross, and famished," I said. "I
have been bored nearly to death by the most
odious woman that it was ever my misfortune to
meet."

"For shame! Guy. Is that the way you
slander your sweetheart in her absence? Bingle
has been here and told me all about it; how
you rode together in the stage and on the cars
as loving as birds, and sat up all night on the
steakhouse."

"Bingle deserves caning," I said in a towering
passion. "It's bad enough to be condemned to a
twenty-hour's tete-a-tete with a horrid over-
grown, red-haired girl, without having it sup-
posed you are in love with her. Where is
Bingle?"

"He went out with Flats to buy rolls and a
baked hamster. He'll be back presently. I in-
vited him to stay to dinner, but it won't be
worth while to come him. I understood how it
was about the girl, but it is evident he thinks you
are done for. By the way that most have been
a rich affair of him. I would have given some-
thing to have seen him worshipping at the feet
of the venerable and respected Miss Larring-
don."

"What! has he told you about that, too?" I
asked, in a whisper.

"Certainly, he opened his heart to a Hebrew
peddler who had his box of jewelry, and we forth
with contents for my attention, and by all
that's funny I never heard one so much as I
did you for the hope sport you must have had
with the poet."

"You would have enjoyed it if you had been
there. I had a good deal of fun with him."

"You couldn't very well help it—he's such a
jolly, verdant, soft hearted, soft headed chap;
but have some coffee, Bingle and Flats will be
here with the rolls presently."

I needed no pressing and fell to work. In a
few moments the absentee returned from their
lengthy expedition and laid their spoils be-
fore me.

"Are you seated, Guy?" Mr. Bingle asked,
with an air of friendly solicitude. "By Jove! I
thought you were going to pretty good strong
last night, but I wasn't going to be in your way.
You did the fair thing by me in that affair of
mine, and I'm not the man, I hope, to forget
that sort of thing."

"Your discretion did you great credit," the

doctor said, looking up from a lobster claw that
was just then occupying his attention.

"Bingle," I said, wrathfully, "if you ever in-
timate again that I have any feeling but abso-
lute abhorrence for Miss Botticelli, I'll throw
you out of the window."

"Bless my soul! what do you mean?" the
poet ejaculated, in unaffected consternation.
"You're a decided unpleasant way of flaring up
lately. I'm sure I thought you cherished senti-
ments of the fondest affection for the young
lady; but if I was mistaken, you have to reason
to be vexed about it."

"That's so, Bingle," the doctor said. "Be-
tween you and I, I believe Miss Botticelli
filled him, which of course would account for
his being so sensitive. His version of the story
don't sound very credible to me, but we must
not be too hard—blighted affection, you know."

"If that is the state of the case he shall
have my heartfelt sympathy. I know by expe-
rience what hopeless love is, and I tell you its
doomed disfigurement."

"I have always supposed it was," the doctor
continued, rising from the table, "and now,
Mr. Bingle, will you have the kindness to ex-
amine a little while? I have some exceedingly im-
portant business to talk over with Guy in my
office. Make yourself perfectly at home. We
shall not be detained beyond an hour or two at
farthest."

"Certainly, doctor, and don't hurry on my
account. I can get along here very well with
Mr. Flats and the hamster," and we passed out,
leaving the poet still busy with the edibles.

"Now for a good old fashioned talk," the
doctor said, as he filled his pipe and leaned back
in his easy chair. "It seems like an age since
I've seen you. Do you had a good time, on the
whole?"

"Rather—but let that go, and tell me how
you have been getting on yourself?"

"After the old sort. I've been pretty busy.
Mrs. Spragg, good old soul! has been sending
my praises to so much purpose among her ac-
quaintance, that I have a stream patient, more
or less, and begin to think I shall really build
up a practice."

"That's good news, certainly; but how pro-
gress your affair with the daughter?"

An unresistable shadow crossed the doctor's
intellectual face as he replied, with a perceptible
dash of melancholy, "I have made a fool of my-
self, Guy, and no mistake. I owe to Mrs. Spragg
the little professional start I have made, and I am
sincerely obliged to her for good-naturedly try-
ing to do me all the good in her power; but I
wish from my heart that instead of making a fa-
vorable impression upon her, I had incurred her
displeasure the first time I set foot in her house,
and that she had instructed Kluge to turn me
into the street. It would have saved me a deal
of trouble that I am in prospect."

"You alarm me, Wedgewood! What has
come to pass?"

"I should suppose you could guess. I have
offered myself to the cream-candy girl."

"It is not possible she has refused you?"

"No, sir, it is not. On the contrary, she
promptly accepted your humble servant, though
I don't believe she cares for me with the little
heart she has; but a lover who is respectable,
if nothing more, was not to be despised, and
here I am, bound by a promise of marriage to a
girl in every way my inferior, and about as
well fitted to be my companion as Bingle would
be to write a history of England."

"I reckon me a change has come over the
spirit of your dreams within a month. When I
went away, you considered Spragg's daughter
rather a desirable acquisition."

"Well, you needn't tell me of it, if I did,"
growled the doctor. "I admit that for a while
I fancied it would be a very nice arrangement
to marry a prospective fortune, even if it was
encumbered with a stupid girl. I was almost
dismayed about ever establishing myself pro-
fessionally, and thought I might as well take a
short cut to prosperity; besides, she didn't seem
quite so hopeless at first, and was so evidently
to be had for the asking, that I swallowed the
bait, and now find to my sorrow that the hook
it carried is monstrous."

"Wedgewood, I'm sorry for you," I said, and
I spoke sincerely, and for some reason my
thoughts momentarily wandered back a little
way to a moonlight night, a romantic dell, and
the bright face of Agnes Fairweather, and I felt
a strong inclination to tell my friend that I too
had ceased to think of a wife in the light of a
letter of credit upon a respectable person, and
of marriage as a convenient method for filling a
cushioned purse, but I could not bring myself to
speak of Agnes then, as I sat there talking over
my pipe in such a free and easy way—much
rather would I have spoken to him about her
on some quiet Sunday evening while we were
returning with softened hearts and bolder emo-
tions from the commoned house of prayer.

"You have observed, have you not, my dear
sir, that there are some ladies of your acquain-
tance of whom you can speak freely, without
any particular consideration of consequence, as
you sit with your feet on your office table after
dinner in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, and
there are others who have the rare faculty of
understanding themselves and their names with
such a halo of reveries that to discuss them
over your pipe or the wood oven is as unpara-
doxical as to discuss the weather."

The doctor ceased for some moments in at-

1 June 80, 1980

... ..

light, as is told by Sir Samuel Meyrick, the surgeon, whose collection of medicinal apparatuses employed in the experiment. The average of life is nearly double what it was two hundred years ago, in the reign of Charles II., and is undoubtedly higher than then ever before.

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

From a portrait in the possession of a distinguished official of Nevada, Mr. Jackson was to have been of middle height. His presence would have been more imposing had he been

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS—A correspondent gives an expressive idea of the delight of the one later which prevails in Austria. A man, when he is at that office, when first he is locked, and he is in his birth "and reveal to his friends recollections of the happy days when he was still a child."

Walter Hume, on the deathbed, gave following advice to his son-in-law, Leuchart Leuchart, I have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be a gentleman, be a good man. Speaking once with you convinced them you are honest."

The work of removing the remains from soldiers buried around Washington proceeded rapidly, and it is thought by the end of the month all 10,000 to 15,000 remains have been removed and interred in the new cemetery at Arlington Heights.

dissenters, as well as the Established Church complain of a falling off of theological students in their chief universities.

expressed his surprise. "Well, if the darn thing ain't broken!

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Morning with the Rothschilds.
A TRUE STORY.

BY JOHN JONES.

Not quite four years ago, feeling myself well off in worldly affairs, and in need of a little relaxation from my business, I determined to undertake a trip to Europe. Now, at my time of life (for I am a little over fifty), and for a man who had never been out of the limits of his native state, this was no slight undertaking. Some of my friends thought it would be better for me to travel through my own country, and see that, before going off to foreign lands, and told me that if I had any money to spend in sight-seeing, I ought to spend it in America, instead of carrying it abroad. But I paid no attention to these suggestions. I was thoroughly imbued with the American idea that my native country could not compare with Europe in its attractions, and that it was far more important that I should know London and Paris, than New York and Boston.

To Europe, then, I determined to go, and accordingly set about making my preparations for the journey. In due time I was ready, and soon had passed Cape Cod, on one of the Guard steamers, and was fairly en route for Liverpool.

When I arrived in England I set myself to work to accomplish the object of my journey—to see all that I could; and, in doing so, I attracted much attention. I made many acquaintances, and was told by them that I was the best representative of my nation they had ever seen. In curiosity and a determination to gratify that feeling, I think I was. I spared no pains to see all the sights, and hear all the gossip that came in my way. This characteristic at last brought me into an awkward predicament, which I purpose to describe in these pages.

One morning while I was in London, I started out for a walk. I had heard a great deal of the famous palace which the Rothschilds were building, and I went out on this particular morning for the purpose of seeing it. I soon reached it, and, through the kindness of the master builder, was shown over it. I had finished my inspection, and was standing on the side walk, gazing at it with undiminished admiration, when I noticed a gentleman, a few feet from me, watching the building. He was a fat, portly old fellow, with a good humored face, a pair of his hands looking like the contractor for the work, and I determined to accost him, and gain what information I could.

"Good morning, sir," I said, approaching him. He bowed politely, but without speaking. "I am a stranger here, sir," I went on.

"You are from America," he said smiling.

"Indeed I am," I replied, "and I'm proud of it, I assure you. I have been looking over this building, and I would like to see you for some information concerning it."

"I shall be happy to oblige you," he said politely. He was very kind in telling me much that was of interest. At last I said abruptly:

"I suppose you have seen Rothschild, sir?"

"Which one?"

"The old one."

"I see the old one every day," he replied drily, giving me a strange glance.

"By George, I should like to have a look at him," I went on.

"I would not advise you to do so," he said, "he is a very odd man, and I wish I had him in my power. I don't let him get away until he has shelled out a pile of his money."

The old gentleman burst into a laugh.

"Baron Rothschild had to work for his money, and deserves to enjoy it," he said at length, when he had got over his merriment.

"Maybe so," I remarked, "but I reckon he'd be a heap of grating and a terror to get it."

The old man's face flushed.

"I never heard the barometer of the house called in question," he said stiffly.

"Didn't you? Well, to tell the truth, neither did I. But I wouldn't be surprised if I'm right, after all. It is the blood of his race, you know. Ever since the days of Julius Caesar, the Jews have had a hankering after pieces of silver."

The old man's face grew as black as a thunder cloud, and he let his lips without speaking.

"People tell me," I continued, not heeding this, "that you are a very rich man, and that the Rothschilds have made two fortunes. Now, as most people that are rich, I feel somewhat interested to learn the manner in which this was done. Can you tell me, sir?"

The old man's face brightened instantly, and he replied smilingly, with more politeness than he had yet manifested:

"Certainly, sir. People do say that the house of Rothschild made one fortune by being careful to mind their own business, and the other by letting that of other people's alone. Good morning, sir."

With an elegant bow, he turned and left the starting of him in back amazement. I began to "twiddle a nail," and I looked for some one from whom to ask the old gentleman's name. He had stepped at the upper end of the building, and was giving some directions to a workman.

I saw a handsome man of about thirty standing a short distance from him, looking at the building. I asked his name, and I went up to him.

"Excuse me for troubling you, sir," I said, "but I am a stranger in the country, and would like to ask you a question."

"I shall be happy to give you any information in my power," he said politely.

"Then can you tell me the name of that old gentleman?" I asked, pointing to my former acquaintance.

"Certainly," he replied. "That is Baron Rothschild, the head of the house of the name."

"Where?" I exclaimed in astonishment. "I've got myself into a scrape."

"What is the matter?" asked my new friend anxiously.

I told him what had occurred between the baron and myself, his laughing heartily, and remarked pleasantly, when I had concluded:

"That was a narrow escape."

"He's a crusty old chap," I said, considerably vexed. "He's as cross as a bear."

"Oh, that's only his way," replied my companion. "He is a good, kind-hearted man, but is rather eccentric."

"I should say so."

The gentleman asked me a great many questions concerning America, and seemed greatly amused by my answers.

SKETCHES OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.



Violent M.C.



Francis M.C.



Ill-used M.C.



Fashionable M.C.



Surprised M.C.



M.C. Whose Hopes are Shattered.



M.C. Who Flatters Himself he did not Show his Feathers when he left the House.



Collapsed M.C.

"Do you know Baron Rothschild?" I asked at length.

"I have met with him several times," was the reply, "and have an appointment to wait upon him at his office to-day."

"Then I wish you'd say to him," I went on, "that I did not know who I was talking to to-day, or I would not have said so much, and that he need not have been so foolish about it."

"I will do so," replied my acquaintance, laughing. "You must not mind him. He was a little nettled at it, but will be the first to laugh at the adventure when he recovers his good humor. Good morning."

With a bow and a pleasant smile he left me. Just then a workman passed me. I stopped him, and asked if he could tell me the name of the gentleman who had just left me.

"That was one of the younger Rothschilds," he said, "and—"

"I waited to hear no more, but pulling my hat down over my eyes, set off at once for my lodgings. I was absolutely afraid to speak to a stranger for a week, for fear he might be a Rothschild."

Evasive.

Patrick, before he became joined in the bonds of "holy wedlock" with Bridget, was in the service of father McNulty. One day that good priest expected a call from a Protestant minister, and wished some excuse to get rid of him.

So calling Patrick, he proceeded to give him instructions.

"Patrick," said he, "if that minister comes here to-day, I do not wish to see him."

"Yes, yer reverence."

"Make some kind of an excuse and send him away."

"What shall I tell him if he comes, your reverence?"

"Tell him I'm not at home."

"Would ye have me tell a lie to him, yer reverence?"

"No, no, Patrick, but get him out some way—give him an evasive answer."

"An evasive answer is it? To do so, as you say, yer reverence?"

The matter thus arranged, father Mac retired to his library, and Patrick went about his duties. About dusk in the afternoon, the worthy priest came out of the room and found Patrick in unusually good spirits.

"Well, Patrick," said he, "did the minister call to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you get rid of him?"

"I did, sir."

"Did he ask if I was in?"

"He did, sir."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I gave him an evasive answer."

"An evasive answer, Patrick?"

"Yes, yer reverence."

"And what did you say to him?"

"He asked me 'was he in,' and I told him that his grandfather was a doctor."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cotton's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HAY MAKING.

One would naturally suppose that after all the experiments and essays, and the years of experience in this year of grace, 1866, that the hay-making and mowing season would be a very successful one, and that the hay would be of a fine quality.

Indeed, however, of such being the case, we have written and orally expressed opinions as positive in different directions, and just as widely differing as ever, as if all past experience and experience had gone for nothing.

Now nothing is more common than to see a farmer making good hay over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in all our spare time, and made it a point to be in the field at the first of the season, and to be in the field at the last of the season.

Now nothing is more common than to see a farmer making good hay over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in all our spare time, and made it a point to be in the field at the first of the season, and to be in the field at the last of the season.

Now nothing is more common than to see a farmer making good hay over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in all our spare time, and made it a point to be in the field at the first of the season, and to be in the field at the last of the season.

Now nothing is more common than to see a farmer making good hay over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in all our spare time, and made it a point to be in the field at the first of the season, and to be in the field at the last of the season.

Now nothing is more common than to see a farmer making good hay over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in all our spare time, and made it a point to be in the field at the first of the season, and to be in the field at the last of the season.

Now nothing is more common than to see a farmer making good hay over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in all our spare time, and made it a point to be in the field at the first of the season, and to be in the field at the last of the season.

Now nothing is more common than to see a farmer making good hay over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in all our spare time, and made it a point to be in the field at the first of the season, and to be in the field at the last of the season.

Now nothing is more common than to see a farmer making good hay over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in all our spare time, and made it a point to be in the field at the first of the season, and to be in the field at the last of the season.

Now nothing is more common than to see a farmer making good hay over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in all our spare time, and made it a point to be in the field at the first of the season, and to be in the field at the last of the season.

Now nothing is more common than to see a farmer making good hay over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in all our spare time, and made it a point to be in the field at the first of the season, and to be in the field at the last of the season.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, is done by carpenters.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, is done by every one.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, is caused by rapid motion.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, is a beverage.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, is an article of dress.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is caused by immersion.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, is a girl's nickname.

My whole is rather scarce this year.

From Station, Pa.

W. H. MORROW.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Soliman (Tyrant).

A grand division of the earth.

The father of Joshua.

An algebraic equation.

A soda found in Mexico.

A Hindu deity.

The shrew wife of a philosopher.

A constellation.

A gem.

A book of Rensselaer.

My initials and finale form the names of a famed knight and his intelligent squire.

Franklin, Ill.

EMILY.

Double Acrostic.

1. Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods.
Relic of nobler days—despoiled, yet perfect.
2. But thou of temple old, or altar new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee.

1. Close by a famous fountain.
2. A well-known Eastern mountain.
3. We often take it after tea.
4. Quite peculiar to the sea.
5. The grave of a lover.
6. It is apt to flow over.
7. Gallant and gay.
8. We don't sing by day.

C. P.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A tinker wishes to make a box from a square sheet of tin, by cutting square pieces from the corners, and then turning up the sides, so that the box shall contain the most possible. How much must be cut off, and what will be the contents of the box? MORRIS STEVENSON.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many spheres 10 feet in diameter can touch a central one 5,000 miles in diameter? Franklin, Mo. J. M. GREENWOOD.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Q. Why is a cat going up three flights of stairs, like a big boy? A. Because she is a "mountain."

Q. What is the key-note to good breeding? A.—It is natural.

Q. My first is equality, my second is inferiority, and my whole is superiority. A. —Equality.

Q. When you stole my first I lost my second, but may you ever possess my whole. A. —Heart's ease.

Q. What does a telegraph operator do when he receives the heads of important news? A. —Waits for details, of course.

Q. When was a man's pocket first empty and yet safe something in it? A. —When it was a hole in it.

Q. What kind of food do all children have to wear, and which men and women desire to wear, but don't? A. —Childhood.

Answers to Last.

KIDNEYMAN.—Major-General Joseph A. Campbell. RIDDLE.—The writer U. RIDDLE.—Camp.—C. P.

Answer to C. P.'s PROBLEM of April 24th.—Start from the north pole. Come and America. The north pole is the point from which we should start, but it would be extremely difficult to get there, and probably the compass needle would be as apt to point in one direction as another—therefore from the limited knowledge we have of this region, it is reasonable to consider it a physical impossibility. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of April 24th.—James Greenway, 25 St. Thomas street, N. Y. Charles Greenway, 25 St. Thomas street, N. Y. J. M. Greenwood, Arkansas, Mo. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to A. M. Martin's PROBLEM same date.—J. M. Greenwood, 25 St. Thomas street, N. Y. J. M. Greenwood, Arkansas, Mo. J. M. Greenwood.

The Iridoscope.

M. Houdin, of Paris, has added another of these ingenious instruments—the iridoscope—to the list of which an individual is able to see all that is going on in his own eye. It is simply an optical clock, to cover the eye, placed in the center with a very small hole. The looking through steadily at the eye, or at any distant light, the observer may watch the blood streaming over the globe, and have the direct and unobscured view of the eye, and even see the aqueous humor poured in when the eye is fatigued by a long observation. It is a device to say that with the aid of this instrument a man can easily find out for himself whether he has a disease or not. If he has he will only see a sort of veil covering the iris, which is black in color, by a healthy eye. The instrument is certainly simple and effective, and will not doubt excite attention in those who are anxious to know more of themselves. An "Iridoscope" may be readily constructed by making a hole in the bottom of a pill box with a fine needle.

The Irish have always been noted for their original and characteristic way of saying things. Thackeray tells of an Irish woman telling of him, who when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, and said, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life!"—but when he only pulled out the snuffbox, immediately added, "and never returns you!"